

# Oregon governor offers liberal, sane reforms

At a time when sufficient Presidential qualifications seem to be one term as governor (Jimmy Carter), less-than-one-term as senator (Lloyd Bentsen) or a few years in the House, a famous brother, and senatorial defeat (Mo Udall), it is quite refreshing to find someone with a more substantial record.

Tom McCall has just completed two four-year terms as governor of Oregon, and during that time has made so many advances that he almost seems overqualified to be Chief Executive. Yet he doesn't seem to covet the White House, an even better recommendation of his background and his sanity.

McCall's credentials would make other candidates blush, if not from fear then from loathing. Just since 1966:

- Pull-tab cans and nonreturnable bottles have been outlawed in Oregon, reducing roadside litter by almost 90 per cent;
- Real estate development has been banned on the state's 361-mile coastline, preserving much of Oregon's scenic beauty for posterity;
- Laws concerning abortion, homosexuality, and marijuana have become some of the most liberal in the nation. Possession is now a misdemeanor, not a felony;
- The paper mills on the Willamette River have been policed so effectively that both people and salmon can now swim the length of the stream;

- Highway funds have been used to build bicycle trails, and thousands of billboards have been cleared from state highways.

In North Carolina it would take political upheaval just short of revolution to complete such a slate of reforms. But McCall is convinced that Oregon, with its vast wilderness and homogeneous population, still doesn't have to be unique in its success. We must also believe that we can, in fact, soon change radically for the better.

North Carolina, with its littered highways and endangered coastline, should listen and listen well to McCall's story of success. His warning against more expansion, more population and more pollution should be clear to us. Governor McCall has shown us a cleaner, better future and it works.

For the capitalist diehards and corporate magnates who oppose such plans (McCall's bottle law has already been defeated by business interests in 40 states), there is always the consolation that initial advances will please both the eye and the pocketbook. Oregon has become so appealing that its growth rate now exceeds California's and, until other states improve, is likely to continue. McCall's legislative program thus provides incentive to both the ecologists and the executives of the immediate future.

L.T. McRae

# Ecologists must pay the price

In case you missed it over exams and the holidays, President Ford exercised a pocket veto of the strip-mining bill passed in the waning days of the Ninety-third Congress. The bill required that strip-mined land be restored to its "approximate original contours," which, according to the coal industry, would have made strip-mining prohibitively expensive. The President accepted the industry's contention and denounced the bill as inflationary. ("Inflationary" is apparently becoming the Ford Administration's favorite scare-word, somewhat in the same category as the Nixonians' "national security.")

One is tempted to respond to Mr. Ford in a condescending manner: "Go to the rear of the class, Jerry. Of course it's inflationary. But the cost of environmental quality is less material output for everyone. One way to manifest this reduced availability of material goods is to raise prices while money incomes remain constant. What else is new?" The trouble is that such a remark would come to Mr. Ford—and to almost everyone else—as a blinding revelation.

Environmentalism burst upon the American scene five or six years ago with all the appeal of the hula hoop and quickly became a motherhood issue—at least in national politics where specific choices did not have to be made. The eco-freaks and their political allies expressed a raucous confidence that corporations could be made by law to clean up America with no inconvenience or cost to American consumers. The price would all be paid out of corporate profits. Since the two principle heroes of every American child are Santa Claus and Robin Hood (in one or another of their incarnations), this reasoning found wide acceptance.

The squabble over strip-mining points up the gulf between environmentalists on the one hand and government policy-makers and the energy industry on the other. It also reveals the essential unreality of the environmentalist position and everybody's lack of understanding of the economics of environmental quality.

The real questions about environmental quality are—1) How much are we willing to pay for it? and 2) How will we apportion these costs among ourselves? So far the environmentalists have been unwilling to address these questions at all while the industry has tended to answer that any cost at all is too high.

If resources are to be used to cleanse or preserve the environment, then it is clear that those resources will not be available to increase material output. The real cost of consumption goods must rise and, other things being equal, our material standard of living must fall.



VETO

If we wish to have a clean environment, we must pay for it. Yet environmentalists seem unwilling to accept that these costs exist and must be borne by the whole society. It is mere fantasy to suppose that corporations can or will bear the whole cost of environmental quality.

Yet it was precisely this fantasy that accounted for the apparent ready acceptance of environmentalism in the United States. Everyone could be in favor of clean air and water since they were free. When it became evident that these things were not free, Americans, to the chargin of the environmentalists, quickly demonstrated that they weren't willing to pay much for them.

To the more zealous and more vocal environmentalists, every tree, every duck and every deer is precious and should be preserved for its own sake, quite apart from any usefulness it may have to human beings. Average Americans and the energy industry find this position quite incomprehensible.

On the other hand the genuine eco-freaks regard the energy moguls as evil and greedy men. These men are not evil, but like most of us they lack any appreciation of how fragile life on earth really is; like most of us, they think and deal in short-run solutions while the environment is a long-run problem; and, like most of us, they regard society's welfare as less important than their own welfare. We might induce the energy industry to bear a portion of society's burden; we cannot induce them to bear all of it, nor should we expect them to perceive how desperately short-

sighted strip-mining is. If we had continued the fevered economic growth of the 1960s, the environmentalist position might have carried without serious opposition. The high rate of growth material well-being would have concealed the fact that without environmental restraints the economy's material output would have grown even faster. But inflation, recession, and most particularly the energy crisis suddenly brought the costs of environmental quality into sharp focus.

The Congressional action which overturned an apparent environmentalist victory in the case of the Alaskan oil pipeline was the first sign that Americans were not really willing to sacrifice their material standard of living for the sake of a few musk oxen. Further signs are evident in the unseemly, if not downright

dangerous, push to speed up building nuclear reactors and the granting of leases for more off-shore drilling in the Gulf of Mexico and along the Atlantic Coast.

Americans on the whole are not stupid, only ignorant. It may be possible to convince them that a decent environment is worth the price. But presenting it as free and then disappointing them only generates mistrust of environmentalism as a general proposition. In *America* Alistair Cooke reports the response of an Italian immigrant asked what he had learned from his 40 years in America. The immigrant replied that he had learned: "There is no free lunch." It is a lesson the environmentalists would do well to learn.

Larry McRae is a grad student in economics.

# The Daily Tar Heel

Jim Cooper, Greg Turosak  
Editors

David Ennis, Associate Editor  
Lu Ann Jones, Associate Editor  
David Klinger, News Editor  
Harriet Sugar, Features Editor  
Elliott Warnock, Sports Editor  
Gene Johnson, Wire Editor  
Martha Stevens, Head Photographer  
Jim Grimsley, Night Editor

Mark Dearmon

# SG tries to end apathy

One of the major problems that has faced Student Government over the past few years is student apathy. No matter how efficient or inefficient student government is, the majority of the students just do not care.

For the past several months, Campus Governing Council (CGC) and other officials have searched for remedies to the problem of student apathy. Finally, about one month before the Christmas holidays, the CGC formed two committees to study student government efficiency and policies as well as student attitudes.

The first of these committees, the CGC Reforms Committee, will look into ways to make the CGC more responsive to the student's needs. This committee has scheduled a public hearing on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15 where it will listen to ideas from interested students.

The second committee, the Student Concerns Committee, will look into student government in general. It will survey the present programs of SG and make proposals as to how to make the students more aware of student government. The Student Concerns Committee will hold public hearings soon. All students are invited to attend.

Student apathy is not a new thing. It began soon after the fall of the two major student political parties on campus in the late 1960s. One of the last conventions of the Student Party, the largest of the two parties, boasted an attendance of over 3,000. And that was in the days when 3,000 students would be over 30% of the campus.

But student input into Student Government has dwindled greatly over the past few years. A recent telephone survey revealed that over 50 per cent of the student body did not even know what the CGC was, despite the fact that

students elect its members and the CGC is in charge of allocating over \$300,000 in student fees each year.

SG is now offering more services to the students than ever before. For 75 cents per page, the Student Typing Service will type your term paper or whatever else you need typed. The Ride Coordinating Service will try to help you find a ride or riders for that weekend trip home or to almost anywhere else in the nation. The Student Services Commission will rent you a refrigerator for your dorm room or a calculator to help you with your homework.

Another major step SG has planned is the expansion of WCAR, the campus radio station, to a FM station. After more than two years of hard work, plans for WCAR-FM are almost complete with next fall set as the tentative sign-on date for the new station.

Although many students are taking advantage of these services at the

present time, many more do not even know they exist. If student participation were to increase, SG could offer more services that would benefit even more students. Currently, the only SG-supported organization that seems to interest a large majority of the student body is the *Daily Tar Heel* which, in the most recent survey, boasted a readership of 95 per cent of the student body.

One of the co-editors of the *DTH* recently suggested that SG cease operation for one day so the students would realize exactly what it does offer that is taken for granted. Hopefully this will not be necessary. With a little effort, the two committees recently formed to study student apathy will come up with proposals that will whip the condition once and for all. Who knows? Maybe a new student party is the answer.

Mark Dearmon is a senior journalism major and Publications Board Chairman.

Jacques Ceinteure

# Detente on the basketball court

Editor's note: Incredible as it may seem, the following story is true.

LENINGRAD, USSR—Every good Americanophile in this city knows that North Carolina is famous for cigarettes, furniture, textiles, Jesse Helms and basketball. When the directors of the UNC Russia Tour proposed a friendly pick-up basketball game with some Russian students as part of their trip, it was only logical (at least to the Russians) to presume that the legendary round-ball behemoths of tobacco road were coming to take on the Soviet Union. The result of this illogic was international mayhem and one of the worst dustings "North Carolina University" has ever suffered, losing to the All-Star Team of the Lesgaft Institute of Physical Culture 92-41.

The offer of a game was made to the Soviet-American Friendship Society by the tour directors in July. When no reply was received, the directors concluded that the idea had no appeal to the Russians so plans were dropped. Upon arrival in Russia, they found that not only had a game been arranged, but it had been promoted Soviet-style into an international spectacle. Directors Chuck Forrester and Gerry Unks were dismayed. They had no plan, no equipment, and no team other than collection of Woollen Gym "amateurs" who couldn't even have played croquet, much less as a team.

The Friendship Society provided parts of the uniforms. Shoes were piled in the center of the dressing room. Russian sizes aren't the same as American, and some of the team ran onto the court flapping like Bozo the Clown. No jocks and trunks, so rolled up jeans had to do. The shirts were faded orange and black, completing these Halloween costumes. Even Goodwill Industries wouldn't have picked up this crew in its Thrift Shop drag.

Enter the Russian team of "students," resplendent in coordinated uniforms. Their sizes ranged from huge to huger. In fact, their center was reputed to own a goose that laid golden eggs. The setting in a huge arena was low-camp Olympics. On the scoring table the Soviet and American flags were flying at equal heights, and two internationally certified referees were on hand to officiate this sand-lot affair carried to absurdity. Announcements had been made over radio, and some 2,000 citizens stood in the cold for the 1,200 precious tickets. This was to be Leningrad's answer to the ACC Tournament.

Despite constant protests, the Russians would not be convinced that "North Carolina University" was a school of their own creation, not N.C. State or Carolina. Soviet players came across the warm-up line to meet Monte Towe and/or Mitch Kupchak. The Russian coach insisted that Unks had to be Norman Sloan or Dean Smith. After persistent denials, Unks admitted he was Dean Smith (choosing the latter identity for obvious reasons). When they spotted the name "Thompson" on the American roster, the Russian team went wild. They insisted on posing with him for the *Pravda* photographers (yes, they were there too). It didn't seem to matter that this Thompson was 5-11, a guard and white.

The absurdity soared to ever greater heights. Before the game, the Vice Rector of the Institute addressed the audience in lingering Castro style, saying this "international competition is a continuation of the policy of detente." It was as if Kissinger had swept the court in preparation. Then came the grandiose introduction of players with fanfare and applause (most of these American hot dogs had never played before more than seven other people, including their mom and dad).

Next the Soviet players presented gifts; the Americans stood empty handed. Who carries presents to a pick-up game? For the Americans, what was intended to be a friendly little game was fast becoming a humiliation—or a preposterous joke. A commemorative plaque was given "to be presented to your Rector in America." Then the tip-off.

The Americans scored the first basket, but after that it was all down hill. They stood no chance against this gang of semi-pros the Russians had assembled at great expense from throughout their nation. Everybody on the U.S. team got to play irrespective of skill. The American sports information director emerged in the person of an 11-year-old tour member armed with an Instamatic.

When the great international exercise in detente was finally over, the Americans were laughing harder than they were crying over the score. And—perhaps—the Soviet players realized, with a mixture of disappointment and relief, that they had not played State or Carolina. Some never wised up. As Unks left the gym, the coach yelled, "Good luck, Dean, and tell Burlinson hello."

When the President of the United States meets with the Chairman of the Communist Part of the USSR, and they negotiate through an interpreter, do you ever wonder whether something is lost in the process? Keep wondering. In the course of translation, fictions such as "North Carolina University" may be created, and David Thompson can lose five inches.

Jacques Ceinteure is an international sports correspondent based in Paris and Fuquay-Varina.